

**'Faster and faster,
I'd tug at the diaper
until warm feelings
of orgasm
flooded me.'**



habit, but his strategy had the opposite effect.

Today I have vivid memories of Dad's rough, strong hands pinning a diaper around me. I'd lie in bed waiting for the urge to pee and then when it hit, relax my muscles and feel the warm urine soaking the diaper. The heat and the wet were sensual and even though I didn't really know what was happening, my little hairless slit would get all hot and itchy in a good sort of way.

When I pulled on the top of the diaper the cloth bunched up between my legs and the friction against my clit made it throb. Faster and faster, I'd tug at the material until the warm feelings of orgasm would flood over me making even my arms and legs twitch. Always when I was coming I'd pee just a little more, a few short, warm spurts and drift off to sleep.

Later on I outgrew my habit. Even though the pleasures of peeing in a diaper were satisfying beyond belief, there were just too many hassles. When I started finding out about sex from other kids and from books, I didn't hear or read anything about what I'd enjoyed so much. I figured I was the only one and it must be wrong.

But then I got my period and even though by then I'd managed to almost forget the sensations I'd felt as a little kid, they overwhelmed me when I put on my first sanitary napkin. It was soft like the diaper and when I walked, it pushed up between my legs, making a delicious friction against my slit and my clit. There was no way I couldn't try, just once, peeing to see how it felt.

Dad was at work when I lay down on the bed in my room and let my thoughts drift back to how it had felt when he made me wear a diaper.

My lips began to swell and a hot feeling grew between my legs. At first I couldn't will myself to pee, but even that was a pleasure. I'd almost get to the point where it would happen, a drop or two would leak out, and then I'd tighten up. All the time my cunt was getting hotter and hotter and I hadn't even touched myself down there.

At last the piss began to seep from my slit, slowly at first and then in a great gush. The pad between my legs was hot and wet and the minute I felt it against my sensitive skin, I came, unable to keep from moaning. After that experience even the thought of putting on a diaper or a sanitary napkin was enough to keep me in a nearly constant state of arousal. Most of my friends hated "that time of the month," but I looked forward to it. If there was a day back then when I was wearing a napkin and had less than five or six orgasms, I can't remember it.

Keeping my erotic secret to myself, I married Dave after I graduated from high school. By this time I was sophisticated enough to know that what I did to get myself off just wasn't considered normal. Rather than risk losing my husband, I tried to stop my habit. Even when I didn't pee myself for months at a time, I still found my mind drifting to those sensations when Dave and I were fucking.

In fact, one of my biggest pleasures was and still is to have Dave fuck me good and hard and then right before he comes, pull out. When he holds his beautiful cock in his hands and aims it straight at my slit, then shoots hot, sticky come all over me there, I shudder with the sensations. Right off I come, my lips gasping like a mouth trying to drink up every drop from his sexy fountain.

I'd been married for about a year when I found out I was going to have a baby. It excited me for certain, but I have to confess that what excited me just as much was the idea of having diapers in the house again. I ran out and purchased a couple dozen of them the day the pregnancy test came back positive. Dave thought it was just a cute idea to break the news to him, but he was soon to find out differently.

It was a snowy afternoon when I could no longer resist the temptation to dress up just once in a diaper — for old times' sake. Dave would be at work for another two hours and I'd still have time to get dressed and start his supper. He'd never discover my secret.

My hands were trembling as I opened the package of diapers and pulled one of the soft pieces of cloth from the bundle. Not only did I have diapers to indulge myself in my fantasies this time, I also had purchased lotion, powder and oil. I carried my things into the bedroom and put them on the nightstand.

While I slipped out of my clothing, I glanced at myself in the full-length mirror. Just four months pregnant, I wasn't really showing much yet and I was one of those women whom pregnancy makes glow. My skin flushed from the thought of what I was about to do. My eyes were bright with arousal and in the mirror I could see that my long nipples were hard and sticking out straight from my large tits.

Slowly I moved for the bed, prolonging the pleasures of anticipation. Once I lay down, teasingly slowly, I pinned the diaper on one side. From the nightstand I grabbed the bottle of oil and pointed it down toward my clit. As I squeezed hard a cold jet of